

COLONEL STEVE WILSON

Whistleblower on UFO Secrecy

This former US Air Force Colonel (now deceased) tells the extraordinary story of how he came to terms with extraterrestrial contact, the Majestic-12 group and the Wackenhut corporation.

by Richard Boylan, PhD © 1997

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Dr Richard Boylan interviewed and corresponded with Colonel Steve Wilson, USAF (Retired), and wrote this article only months before Wilson's death from cancer in November 1997. Colonel Wilson's amazing story has been largely overlooked by the UFO research community. In fact, we've only just rediscovered it languishing in a pile of "must publish" articles. Dr Boylan writes that Wilson became a hunted man, moving from state to state to evade several attempts on his life while also battling cancer; and that, like several other prominent whistleblowers on UFOs and governmental cover-ups, his cancer "may have been externally 'imposed' to silence him". But the death threats only strengthened Wilson's resolve to tell all, reports Dr Boylan, who dedicates this article to the memory of this courageous man. — Editor

This biographical sketch is based on limited information provided by Colonel Steve Wilson, as well as certain data from his discharge papers. I have written this biographical sketch as a tribute to a man who [felt] that the public's right to know extremely important information about extraterrestrial contacts supersedes a military/intelligence cabal's misuse of "national security" secrecy to cloak its misdeeds. Here, then, without varnish, is Steve Wilson, the man, the officer and the crusader.

UNEXPECTED INTERVENTION FROM UNSEEN FORCES

Steve Wilson was born in the 1930s and spent five years in a state orphanage. In order to escape the savage beatings there, he ran away. He had always dreamed of being a pilot. Befriended by a prostitute with the proverbial "heart of gold", this tall thirteen-year-old was accepted into the Air Force when his newfound "mother" stated he was sixteen and signed for him to enlist.

Starting out as a private, he worked hard to advance. He took US Armed Forces Institute courses, earned his high school diploma and then the equivalent of a two-year college degree. Simultaneously he studied at Aircraft Mechanic school and became a certified mechanic. Then he enrolled in Flight Engineer school and became a flight engineer on B-17s. Later he was promoted to Staff/Sergeant and to the personal B-29 staff of General Crabbe. The General took a liking to Steve, and encouraged him to re-enlist and take an appointment to Air Cadet school at Kelly Air Force Base. Completing Cadet School, he was promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Wilson—a fighter pilot at last.

Lt Wilson's first assignment was the Fighting 12th Fighter Squadron, Clark Air Force Base, The Philippines. As soon as he arrived, the Squadron was reassigned to Korea. He promptly was reassigned to the 67th Fighter Squadron, forward-based at the Korean War's front lines. He graduated from *Mustang* propeller fighters to sleek *Sabre* jets, and was soon doing supersonic runs down MiG alley, duelling communist jet pilots.

On one run into enemy territory to bomb a dam, Lt Wilson dropped his load of bombs and watched the dam burst. As he turned his plane around to return to base, he felt pain in his stomach and looked down to see blood gushing from his side. The Lieutenant radioed in that he had been hit by ground fire. He reported his position and fuel level, and added that he was about to pass out and would not be returning. Lt Wilson's memory faded out at that point. But subsequent events point to extraordinary intervention by unseen helpers that kept him alive.

Three days after Wilson radioed-in that he was passing out, the control tower at the 67th Fighter Squadron base saw an extraordinary sight. Wilson's plane was coming in for a landing, although its engine was not running! The fuselage was surrounded by a strange,

greenish light. Flight line personnel, the officer of the day and Base Operations staff all looked on in amazement as the plane made a perfect dead-stick landing. Inside, they found Lt Wilson still unconscious! He was rushed to a hospital. When he regained consciousness, he noted that his shrapnel wound had almost completely healed! Furthermore, base staff informed him that his plane still had the same amount of fuel as when he was hit and radioed in his fuel level. The Lieutenant quickly got out of bed and secured a copy of the reports on his highly unusual experience. Shortly thereafter, the original reports disappeared, and no one at the base would talk about his miraculous return.

Soon, Lt Wilson underwent numerous tests and was debriefed on his mysterious return incident by what he calls a "strange group". They administered testing, which revealed that his IQ had jumped from an already very high 162 to an unheard-of 232. After the testing was completed, he was returned to active duty. But other changes had taken place inside the young pilot, affecting his ESP abilities.

TELEPATHIC CONTACT ASSISTS A DARING RESCUE

Two months after Wilson's unexplained aerial rescue, one of his squadron mates, Chuck, was shot down during an aerial dogfight over Korea. Wilson and the others in the squadron watched him go down and disappear. As they banked their planes to return to base, Wilson heard the downed pilot's voice in his head. Chuck was crying for help. Wilson jumped, startled, in his cockpit seat. Then he heard the voice again.

Lt Wilson broke formation and started descending to look for him. The Squadron Commander screamed over the radio for Wilson to get back in formation. The Lieutenant pretended he couldn't hear the Commander, and radioed that he was having plane trouble.

Wilson flew low, 100 feet above the ground, searching for Chuck. Suddenly Wilson heard the downed pilot's cry (telepathically) that he had just flown over him. "The other airman sounded distressed that I would not see him," Wilson recalls. He banked 180 degrees and came in low. Wilson could sense that he was there somewhere. He spotted a clearing with enough room to land, and he set his plane down. As he rolled to a stop, he looked around and saw the other man's plane wedged under some trees. Wilson taxied over close, jumped out and ran to the wreckage. Chuck was pinned in and badly hurt.

Wilson tells the rest simply: "Where the strength came from, I don't know, but I ripped the wreckage away from him, lifted him out of the cockpit and carried him to my plane. I threw the radio gear out to make room for him and me. With me sitting on his lap, I taxied out and to the end of the clearing. Swinging around, I saw there was very little room for a take-off. I looked up and said, "God, if you exist, help me get this motherfucker off the ground." I held the brakes and gunned the engine to the breaking point, let go of the brakes and rocketed across the clearing. The minute I felt myself off the ground, I began to raise the wheels. The enemy broke cover ahead of me and began firing. I passed overhead, and heard the crunch and ripping of metal as I left my wheels in the trees. My plane became hard to manage with the

undercarriage ripped away. I finally made it back to base. I could see the fire-trucks lining the runway and saw the tower blink. They were asking me to wag my wings if I had no radio. What else could I do? I wagged my wings, passed over the field so they could see the problem, made another 180-degree turn and started in low. I picked the dirt next to the runway.

"I felt the jolt as my plane skidded down the side of the runway and came to a halt. The ambulance was the first to arrive, and I already had Chuck on my back and headed for the ambulance. He had made it out alive. I walked around the plane and saw all the bullet holes. [A report later said that there were 38 bullet holes.] I patted her tail and said, 'Thanks, Lady.' Then I looked at the sky and said, 'You, too.'"

Despite being a rebel, and disobeying orders (which, luckily, the Squadron Commander could not prove), Lt Wilson was awarded his first Distinguished Service Award for gallantry above and beyond the call of duty. He remarks about the incident laconically: "Another one I should have been court-martialled for."

SURVIVING TORTURE WITH HIDDEN RESOLVE

Forty-six days later, Wilson again switched roles from rescuer

to pilot needing rescue. His plane developed engine trouble over enemy territory and he was forced to land. When he saw the enemy coming, he burned his plane to the ground and was taken prisoner. Because he'd burned his plane and would give no information to the enemy, he was beaten for three days straight. After the first hour, his subconscious mind took over and he felt nothing.

Wilson recounts his captivity with grim detail: "I remember them asking for information about my squadron and about troop movements. I realised that if I could hold out long enough and through enough torture, they would believe anything I told

them, and maybe then they would leave me alone. After three days, they tied a stick through my arms behind my back and placed the rope around my neck and down my back, tying the rope to my feet which were pulled up. If I tried to lower my feet, it would choke me, cutting off my air.

"They placed me in a small bamboo cage about two feet wide and three feet long and three feet high. I lay there with my head on the ground, with my knees spread and holding me upright, and trying to keep the rope from strangling me. There was no room to lie down or move. I remember the gooks pointing and laughing at me, and a hatred began in my gut as I have never hated before. Suddenly this thing within my mind kicked in. I remember them having to drag me out and into this hut. My body could feel nothing.

"Someone cut me loose and my mind began to function. The other prisoners said I had lasted fifteen days out there, and was the only one who hadn't broken within a week. It was almost a day before the circulation would let me move my legs and arms. As soon as I could get around, they dragged me back to the torture chamber, as we all called it.

"I swore to myself that those dirty bastards would never break me. Now I hated with a ferocity that even scares me to this day. I remember watching as they stuck bamboo shoots in the joints of my hands, piercing between the bones. I could hear myself

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screaming, but my mind was calm and I felt no pain. After what seemed like days, I was returned to the other prisoners. After several days, I could move my hands some."

It had been 32 days. Lt Wilson decided that he had had enough. That night, another pilot and he saw their chance to escape. They made a break for it. Two of the guards who had laughed at his torture were on duty that night. Wilson moved up behind the first one and snapped his neck, then felt him slide lifeless to the ground. The Lieutenant took his knife, moved around behind the other and cut his throat without a qualm. They then ducked into the underbrush and ran the rest of that night.

Later they found out that they were only 28 miles [45 kilometres] from friendly lines. They had to crawl on their belly, only daring to do so at night. They ate grubs and roots, just as they had been taught in survival school. It took 23 days to crawl back to US lines.

Wilson relates the climactic moment of their escape: "We topped the last ridge and lay on our bellies, watching the movement below from a point that overlooked the valley. Nuckolls rolled over on his back, and you could hear his leather jacket pull loose from the frozen ground. 'We made it,' I yelled. I heard Nuckolls softly sobbing. Whoever said that grown men don't cry? The most welcome sound I heard was a sentry's shout: 'Who goes there? Advance and be recognised or I'll blow your fuckin' head off!'"

MAJESTIC-12 INDOCTRINATION

The next defining moment in Colonel Wilson's life began during the summer of 1960. The Cuban Missile Crisis became a global concern as President Kennedy and Soviet Chairman Khrushchev were facing off in a deadly game of global nuclear showdown over Soviet ICBMs in Cuba, and the threat of using the US Navy blockade of Cuba to sink freighter deliveries of ICBMs.

By now, Steve Wilson had been promoted to Air Force Captain and Commander of a tactical fighter squadron out of Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Ohio. His squadron was ordered to Florida, and then deployed to Guantánamo Naval Base in Cuba, with orders to provide air cover for Navy ships doing picket duty in the Cuban Gulf.

In 1963, Wilson's squadron was ordered back to Wright-Patterson AFB. He soon received an assignment to fly cover over Houston. Just prior to this, Captain Wilson had been told that he would be assigned to Majestic-12 as soon as this mission was accomplished, and that upon his transfer he would become a Major. (Majestic-12 [MJ-12], he would soon learn, is the super-secret organisation which controls UFO surveillance and interdictions, retrievals and analysis of recovered extraterrestrial spacecraft and occupants, and public access to any information about these matters.) It would turn out to be a day that would linger in his mind for a long time.

Captain Wilson's mission in Houston was to keep any planes away from the city during President Kennedy's visit. His squadron had shoot-to-kill orders for anyone who disobeyed their

commands to stay back. While flying protective cover over Houston, the news came over the squadron's radio that President Kennedy had been shot in Dallas.

Wilson describes their reaction: "I was shocked. I had met the man and really liked him. My eyes welled up, and I could hardly see as we were ordered back to the airfield. I could hardly see the runway. The tears were streaming down my face. After landing, I watched some of the worst landings ever exhibited by a squadron of Top Gun pilots. There wasn't a dry eye in the bunch."

After returning to Wright-Patterson AFB, Wilson was informed he was receiving Top Secret clearance and was being commissioned as a Major. His indoctrination into the UFO secrets kept by the Majestic-12 agency then began. He was shown the remains of the extraterrestrials and crashed UFOs from the 1947 Roswell incident, that were all housed at Wright-Patterson's Hangar 84. He read reports he was shown about that incident, and about how Majestic-12 covered it up by putting all the documents

and expenses with a Socorro, New Mexico, crash. He was informed that, because of his special abilities, he was being assigned to Majestic-12 (code name, Majic-12). As part of his duties, he would be assigned to the 1st Special Forces Air Command and would undergo special training with Delta Force and then the Black Berets.

Wilson comments about that period: "I looked at these fellows I was to train with. Every one was a trained killer and assassin. But it still didn't prepare me for the MIB [Men In Black], the Wackenhuts [private security firm operatives with government covert projects contracts], and all the Black Ops that exist deep within our government. This was when I was told that I would cease to exist."

Major Wilson was informed that his job was so secret that stops would be placed on all his records and whereabouts, and that they would be moved to Majestic-12. He was told that his telepathic ability was needed for something very special, and that he would be on a "need to know" basis, at least until he had a high enough security clearance.

Wilson recalls: "It made me feel very special, and inflated my ego about 100 per cent. Little did I know at the time that I would be involved in one of the most dastardly and heinous cover-ups the world has ever known. To think about it, even today, makes me sick to my stomach...but at that time in my life, I felt I was serving my country. I knew nothing of the greed and power of a few men, who were later to be known as 'Maji' [the top executives of Majestic-12]."

TRIP TO A HOLLOW MOUNTAIN

For the next nine years, Major Wilson travelled to nearly every Air Force base in the world, meeting and making contacts with key people for MJ-12.

Finally, in the summer of 1972, he was assigned to the 1st Special Forces Air Command, Vandenberg Air Force Base, California. He was planning on getting some rest and relaxation there. He had just put all his gear away nicely, his B-4 travel bag

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finally empty and hanging in the closet. No sooner had he finished unpacking than a man looking like a refugee from a war camp sauntered into his room. The man flashed CIA identification and told the Major that he needed to pack his bag, that there was a plane waiting and that they would be leaving in 20 minutes. True to his word, in 20 minutes the plane was taxiing to a take-off.

Major Wilson knew better than to ask where they were going, but by observation of the compass heading and the terrain, he knew they were over Nevada. The plane circled and set down on a dry lake bed. Later he learned it was Papoose (dry) Lake (S-4), deep within the Nellis Air Force Range in central Nevada. Even up close, the mountains and terrain looked barren. They walked about 300 yards to a rock outcropping. On the other side, nestled between some large rocks, was an iron door with no handle. The scruffy-looking CIA man somehow opened the door. They went inside and down a tunnel. At the end of the passageway, Wilson glanced around quickly.

He still marvels at the size of the structure: "I could swear that the whole damned mountain was hollow. Right down the middle was a runway and, at the end, huge doors that I later found could be opened to allow a plane to take off right out of the mountain."

The CIA man and he proceeded to an elevator without saying a word. The CIA agent punched an unmarked button. Wilson does

not know how many floors they went down, because the elevator moved with lightning speed. It descended so fast that he almost lost his dinner! He was ushered out of the elevator and into an office down the hall to meet the Full Colonel in charge. He saluted and sized up the tall, angular officer standing in front of him. The Colonel's beady eyes had a mean look which was matched by his cold and harsh attitude.

The Colonel informed Wilson of his duties, as well as the plane schedules in and out of Nellis Air Force Base Headquarters, Las Vegas—the closest acknowledged military facility. The Colonel also told Wilson how to get there through the secret underground high-tech tunnel shuttle system connecting this installation with Nellis. Wilson was also warned that anything he saw was Top Secret, and that if he so much as "breathed wrong", or opened his mouth about anything he saw, it would be his last breath. Wilson noted soberly: "I believed him."

UFOs, ETs & 3-D SURPRISES AT S-4

Major Wilson had begun his duties at the Papoose Lake installation, still not knowing what existed 30 storeys farther down. He had been well indoctrinated in Top Secret work and knew all the consequences of keeping the nation's most guarded secrets. The past six years had been slow and boring, he recalls, and, other than what he saw at Wright-Patterson AFB, he felt that he was in a vacuum, going nowhere.

He was sitting in his office at S-4, mulling this over one morning, when a Lieutenant Colonel Bennett came in. He asked Wilson if he was busy ("Like he gave a damn," Wilson recalls), and said "Let's go".

Wilson followed the Lieutenant Colonel, and they eventually wound up two storeys down at the super-secret S-4 UFO technology area. As they came out on a landing there, Wilson saw eight different kinds of UFOs! There were intellectual-looking people all over the area, whom he guessed were scientists. He glanced at Bennett, who cut off his implied question with a curt "Forget it".

The Colonel and the Major went into a cubicle where there were about 20 officers and civilians sitting around. Wilson was startled when a woman came in who was at least eight feet tall. There was not an ounce of excess fat on her body, he recalls. She wore a strange-looking jumpsuit which had a "HI" pattern on the right side above the breast line. To this day, Wilson recollects the details of this striking encounter.

"The woman had finely chiselled features. Her blonde hair cascaded neatly past her shoulders. Her eyes were the bluest blue I'd ever seen. Somehow she was different. Little did I know, then, how different! She sat a large crystal on the table and, without warning, her fingers began to glow as she ran them over this crystal. A 3-D hologram began to form above it! I looked around the room and everyone's mouth was hanging open, and suddenly I noticed mine was, too. Little did I realise that at that moment my life would forever be changed. My past teachings slipped from me as I stared. My whole concept of life did a 180-degree turn as I watched the hologram, complete with sound, unfold the mysteries of the past and the present and of other worlds."

DATA FROM COLONEL WILSON'S FORM DOD214 DISCHARGE PAPERS

Name: Colonel Steve Wilson, USAF (Retired)
Date of Birth: 4/5/33 [5 April 1933]
Service No. AO 325727
Length of Service: 40 years, 19 days, 7 re-enlistments

Medals:

- (1) 2 Distinguished Flying Medals
- (2) 2 Purple Hearts
- (3) 1 Joint SVS Commendation Medal
- (4) 13 Good Conduct Medals
- (5) 1 National Defense Service Medal
- (6) 1 Korean Service Medal
- (7) 1 Vietnam Service Medal
- (8) 1 POW Medal
- (9) 1 USAF Commendation Medal

MIA/POW, Korea: 12/07/50 to 01/18/51 [7 Dec 1950 to 18 Jan 1951]

Education:

- (1) University of Oklahoma, 1956 to 1960
- (2) USAF Academy, Colorado Springs, Colorado
- (3) Advanced Flight Training, Kelly Air Force Base, Texas
- (4) High-Tech Weapons School, US Air Force
- (5) High-Tech Advanced Combat Computers, US Air Force

Wilson related that among the scenes which the female extraterrestrial's crystal hologram displayed for the assembled group, was the history of the Earth and of extraterrestrial involvement with it. That involvement included fashioning the consciousness of Jesus and sending him to live among Earthlings to point to a better way to understand life and to live. The extraterrestrial woman also showed the officers and scientists scenes from inhabited planets of other star systems.

Wilson was transformed by this experience: "When it was over, I knew that, whatever part I was to play in all of this, my life as I knew it had ended forever."

He would go on to be appointed executive officer of Project *Pounce*. Created in the final days of December 1980, Project *Pounce* is an elite group of Air Force Black Berets and military scientists who rush to the scene of any UFO crashes, cordon off the area, retrieve the extraterrestrial spacecraft and any occupants, then "sanitise" the crash site back to its pre-crash appearance and intimidate any outside witnesses into silence.

Eventually rising to the rank of Colonel and receiving an Ultra Top Secret, Cosmic Q, Level 27 security clearance, Wilson learned much about the inner workings of the Majestic-12 agency. Wilson's UFO-secrecy duties included interacting with covert "MIB" enforcement goons from the Wackenhut private security firm on contract to MJ-12. Wilson came to despise the "Whack"-enhut killers.

The Colonel learned about secret space-warfare operations, conducted by military astronauts trained at a covert Air Force Special Academy. He found out that these military astronauts fly US-manufactured antigravity aerospace craft, such as the two-man Lockheed X-22A disc, out of Vandenberg and Beale Air Force bases in California and up into space. These military astronauts then interdict UFOs deemed "unfriendly", and fire Star Wars weapons to disable or destroy them.

RETURN OF THE MAJI

Colonel Wilson came to know some things about the top command of Maji, including the identity of two of its executive board members: chairman Henry Kissinger and advisory scientist Edward Teller, both of whom hold the top-most Level 33 security clearance. He eventually learned enough about their avarice and hunger for power to sicken him. He discovered that the Maji were "so powerful that they acted as though they were above the President and the laws of nature and mankind". To his distress, Wilson found out later that they were to be known as the "New World Order".

Finally sickening of the unconstitutional and unethical activities of the Majestic-12 agency and of his involvement in "one of the most dastardly and heinous cover-ups the world has ever known", Wilson got out.

At retirement, after 40 years in the Air Force, Lt Colonel Wilson was Flight Commander of the 1st Special Forces Air Command, Vandenberg Air Force Base. His decorations include the Air Force Distinguished Service Medal, the Silver Star, two Air Force Distinguished Flying Crosses, two Purple Hearts, the

Joint Services Commendation Medal, the Air Force Commendation Medal, the USAF Good Conduct Medal and the National Defense Service Medal.

After musing for 15 years, he decided to risk his life and tell all. The means he used was the global communication tool of the Internet. He placed his torrent of disclosures of sensitive information on the Skywatch webpage (www.wic.net/colonel/ufopage.htm) and founded a UFO information newsgroup as his forum (Skywatch_ok@msn.com).

After years of military and intelligence career-building by playing by the rules, Lt Colonel Steve Wilson, in retirement, has displayed the highest patriotism of all: whistle-blowing on the corrupt MJ-12 parallel government.

While stricken with cancer, Steve Wilson assesses the price of his years in the "black world" of the UFO cover-up: "I have no feelings, truthfully. My association with Maji has left me dead inside. I feel myself still cold and calculating. I never let anyone get close to me. I feel like a human robot. I have killed mercilessly and lied for the good of the country—or so I believed at the time."

His final comments cryptically hint at what everyone will soon know about extraterrestrial visitation, and the profound changes society will make as a consequence: "The things I have seen are beyond human understanding and totally unbelievable. I only have a desire to help humanity somehow through what is bound to come soon."

DIALOGUE WITH COLONEL STEVE WILSON

This dialogue between the author and Colonel Steve Wilson is dated Tuesday 19 August 1997:

RB (Dr Richard Boylan): In the Star Wars City (SDI/01) organisational chart you posted, there is identified an "Air Force Special Academy" (AFSA), which takes its orders from Star Wars City in Colorado Springs, CO. I take it that this is not the regular Air Force Academy, right?

SW (Colonel Steve Wilson): No, it isn't the regular academy.

RB: Is it AFSA which trains the military astronauts who are quietly sent up from Vandenberg Air Force Base, California, while the Press keeps the public's attention on the space shuttle operating from Cape Canaveral, Florida?

SW: Yes, Vandenberg and Beale AF bases are both involved.

RB: Or does the AFSA have some other function?

SW: Yes, it has other functions in Black Ops.

RB: And what range of duty assignments do these Star Warriors [military astronauts] have, once they are positioned in space?

SW: To shoot down unfriendly UFOs. The US is shooting down at least one a day. Other countries are doing this also. Russia is averaging two a day.

[Author's note: I doubt seriously that the US shoots "down" one UFO per day, or any number near that. ONI and CIA informants have told CSETI's Dr Steven Greer that two UFOs were

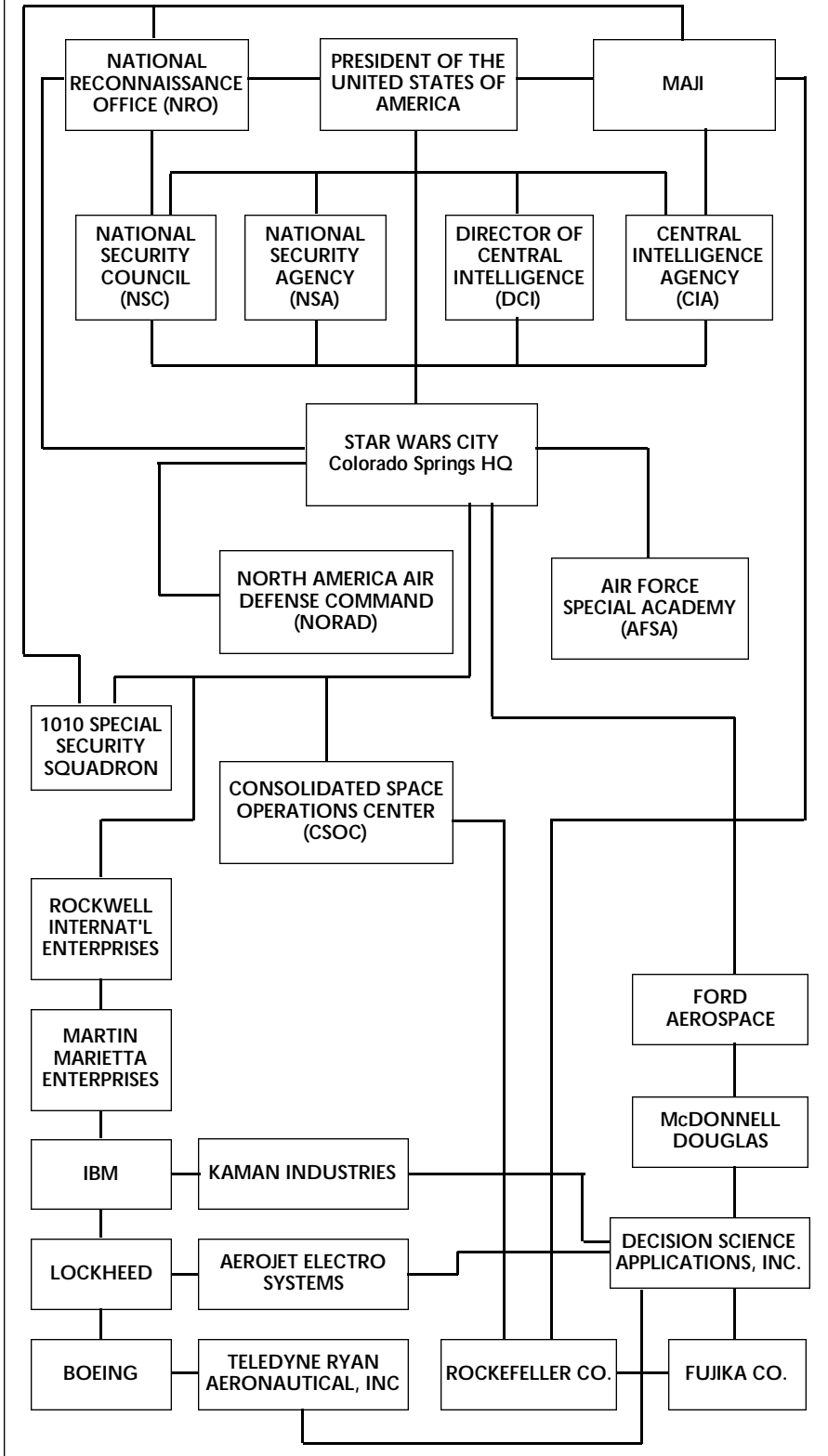
He would go on to be appointed executive officer of Project *Pounce*... an elite group of Air Force Black Berets and military scientists who rush to the scene of any UFO crashes, cordon off the area, retrieve the extraterrestrial spacecraft and any occupants, then "sanitise" the crash site...

STAR WARS CITY (SD1/01)

Code: Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI), also known as Spaceship Defense Initiative (Star Wars project).

Control Location: Cheyenne Mountain, Colorado Springs

US SPACE COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS



shot "down" in 1995. From my research, I suspect that the number may be closer to a half-dozen per year—certainly tragic, regardless of the numbers. Dr Michael Wolf of MJ-12/SSG states that a renegade group, "the Cabal", is conducting these unprovoked attacks deliberately to sabotage peaceful relations between ETs and Earth.]

RB: And what vehicle do the military astronauts ascend into space and operate therefrom? Is it the [classified, not-supposed-to-exist] *Aurora* aerospace vehicle, which flies above Mach 8 and operates at 100 miles up where the atmosphere starts to approach vacuum?

SW: No. These are our ultimate two-man back-engineered UFOs and classified Ultra Cosmic Top Secret.

RB: The [Ultra-classified] *Pumpkinseed* is reportedly much faster and operates on a more exotic propulsion system, apparently including antigravity field propulsion and fuelled by antimatter reaction. Is this latter the vessel the military astronauts use in space?

SW: Cannot comment on this, but sure you can figure it out.

RB: In the analysis of the Star Wars City/Spaceship Defense Initiative organisation chart posted on Skywatch, there is identified the 1010 Special Security Squadron which bypasses the Air Force and reports directly to the National Reconnaissance [UFO cover-up] Office and to Maji [MJ-12, the UFO information policy group]. Is this specialised squadron composed of elite Delta Forces (Black Berets)?

SW: No. This is the W[h]ackenhut agency and their killers.

RB: Is this the unit in which Project *Pounce* was located?

SW: Project *Pounce* does not exist as a unit *per se*. We all had other jobs and each came from our own areas of expertise. No one knew the other, and we only came together on a crash retrieval. Thus the Ultimate level of security was maintained.

RB: "Ultimate", as in classified Ultra Cosmic Top Secret, Q Clearance, Level 33?

SW: Cosmic Q, Level 33 is Maji; Level 32 is MJ-12; Level 31, certain personnel in AC [aircraft] manufacturing; Level 30, the first four of W[h]ackenhut officials, etc., DOD, NSC. I was only a Level 27—as far as I could go.

RB: Ah, Colonel Steve—as always, you are a fund of interesting information.

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Colonel Steve Wilson: Whistleblower on UFO Secrecy

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Permit me two more questions, if you would.

RB: I note on the Star Wars City chart that the Rockefeller Company is one of the elite defence contractors at that trough of the Black Budget known as SDIO/BMDO [Star Wars projects]. What "contribution" does the Rockefeller Company make to the SDIO project?

SW: Have no idea of specifics; only general information. This is the reason that secrets can be kept. No one person knows it all, except Level 33.

RB: Also on the Star Wars City organisation chart, there is a corporation known as Decision Science Applications, Incorporated (DSAI). This sounds an awful lot like Science Applications International Corporation (SAIC) of San Diego—headed by Black Ops veteran Admiral Bobbie Ray Inman—which makes the engines for US antigravity craft. Are DSAI and SAIC one and the same, or related companies/proprietaries?

SW: This is a group made up of all heads of military hardware manufacturing in the Black area. By the way, I have heard

that Inman chairs that group.

[Author's note: Thus, Decision Science Applications, Inc. (DSAI) consists of the directors of the Black Budget divisions (US antigravity craft and space warfare weaponry) of: Rockwell, Martin Marietta, Boeing, IBM, Lockheed, McDonnell-Douglas, Ford Aerospace, Aerojet Electro Systems, Teledyne Ryan Aeronautical, Inc., Kaman Industries Co., Rockefeller Co. and Fujika Co., etc. And retired NSA Admiral Bobbie Ray Inman heads both DSAI ("inside") and SAIC ("outside") the Black world. However, Dr Michael Wolf of MJ-12/SSG says the DSAI and SAIC are one and the same!]

RB: Colonel, in the material posted on the Skywatch webpage [(formerly) www.wic.net/colonel/ufopage.htm], the UFO information secrecy management organisation is laid out.

Which leads to a question: What roles do Dr Henry Kissinger and Dr Edward Teller play in this Ultra-classified organisation? Dr Teller cleared Department of Naval Intelligence physicist Bob Lazar to work at Area 51's S-4 on back-engineering

captured UFOs. Dr Kissinger's business office in New York City has got quite threatening with a person who made inquiries into Kissinger's connection to the UFO cover-up. What light can you shed on these two men's involvement?

SW: Both are MJ-12 members, which number 36 in all, as of 1994. It might interest you to know that they go back as far as [Project] *Paperclip*. But, even though they have histories before that, they do appear to have been at the University of Heidelberg during the same time-period that they were supposed to have been in the US. Kissinger is a firm believer and key figure in *MK-ULTRA*, whereas Teller loves to play at it. Nothing I can prove; just something I heard at a high level.

About the Author:

Richard Boylan, PhD, is a behavioural scientist, certified clinical hypnotherapist, university instructor (retired) and researcher into extraterrestrial-human encounters. You are invited to join Dr Boylan's UFOTruth Internet reports and communications list at <http://UFOTruth.listbot.com>.